

Harvest Praise.

Fairer than summer rose,
A smile of golden glory meets the view;
To right and left, by woodland green it glows,
And by the ocean blue.

Sweeter than summer bird,
We catch the music of a rippling voice;
With a melodious undertone "tis heard
To whisper and rejoice.

But soon the standing sheaves
Lift up their hands to heaven and shout aloud;
Like waves at sunset all the landscape heaves
With the exulting crowd.

And at that pleasant sight,
And joyous sound, we smile, and grateful raise
Our song for fields unto the harvest white,
And the Creator's praise.

It is the Lord alone
Who calls the tender shoot from the rough clod,
And crowns the springing blade with earful grain
And bids it graceful nod.

'Tis His kind hand that sheds
The rain and sunshine on the yellowing corn,
Until a glittering host of helmed heads,
Each glorious field adorn.

He sends the genial hour
For gathering in the kindly fruits of earth;
He flings abroad the bounteous autumn dower
Of annual harvest mirth.

Oh, then, let all men lift
The heart and voice to God with praises meet;
But yield their highest thanks for His best gift,
The dying "Corn of Wheat!"
—Our Own Fireside.

A CUBAN STORY.

During the first year of Tacón's governorship there was a young creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderes, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town who loved a choicely-made and superior cigar.

Miralda was only seventeen, without father or mother living, and earned a humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of tropical beauty, with a finely-rounded form, a lovely face, of soft, olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate, yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderes. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgment from the fair young girl of their warm and constant attentions. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another, a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third, a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine-looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the harbor.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardor romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbor, by reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned to the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy—for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his father had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro, and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and, securing the little stern-awning over Miralda's head, would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shores.

There was a famous *ronce*, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop, and conceived quite a passion for the girl; indeed, he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers.

With a cunning shrewdness and a knowledge of human nature, the count besieged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on this plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her; until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intention at once, and to promptly decline the proffered gift.

Undismayed by this, still the count continued his profuse patronage in a way of which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint. At last, seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion for Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estate at Corito, near the city, and offered her all the promises of wealth, favor and fortune—but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more insult her by visiting her shop.

Abashed, but not confounded the count retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her—for he was not one to be so easily thwarted. One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was settling over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar-shop, when a young man, wearing a lieutenant's insignia, entered, and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez—to which she timidly responded in the affirmative.

"Then you will please to come with me!"

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor-General!"

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1875.

NUMBER 39.

"Then I must obey you!" she answered, and prepared to follow him at once. Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on, and, getting into a volante, told Miralda they would drive to the guardhouse; but, to the surprise of the girl, she soon after discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately after they were dashing off on the road to Corito.

Then it was that she began to fear that some trick had been played upon her; and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante's turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Count Almonte.

It was in vain to expostulate now, she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officers and soldiers were his own people, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence—that her wishes should be respected in all things, save her personal liberty—that he trusted in time to persuade her to look more favorably upon him—and that in all things he was her slave.

She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders constantly, to prevent her escape. She knew very well that the power and will of Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart; and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes—and Miralda had been used to wear one, even in her store, against contingency; but she now regarded the weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First this and then that circumstance was found out; and these brought together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the Order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her up with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some certain plan for her delivery. There was time to think now; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise; he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the count, and his own liberty by some means be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself, he must be his own counsellor in this critical case. At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself:

"Why not go to the headquarters at once? Why not see the Governor-General, and tell him the whole truth? Ah! see him—how is that to be effected? And then this Count Almonte is a nobleman! They say Tacón loves justice. We shall see. I will go to the Governor-General—it can not do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try."

And Pedro did seek the governor. True, he did not at once get audience of him, either the first, or the second, or third time; but he persevered, and was at last admitted.

How he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisturbed and open in all things, so that Tacón was pleased.

"And the girl?" asked the Governor-General, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered. "Is she thy sister?"

"No, excellencia—she is dearer still; she is my betrothed!"

The governor, bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and, handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly, said:

"Swear that what you have related to me is true, as you hope of heaven!"

"I swear!" said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to a table, wrote a few brief lines, and, touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the captain of the guard to him. Prompt as were all who had any connection with the governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order with directions to bring Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda immediately before him. Pedro was sent to an ante-room, and the business of the day passed on as usual in the reception-hall of the governor. Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacón. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued to herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here?"

"Excelencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet!" was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes, upon this young girl—did you not?"

"Excelencia, I can not deny it!"

"Declare upon your honor, Count Almonte, whether she is unharmed whom you have kept a prisoner?"

"Excelencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof!" was the truthful reply.

The governor turned and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the count, while he made some minutes upon paper.

Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and, as he entered, the Governor-General turned his back for one moment, as if to seek some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacón.

A few minutes more, and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy father," said Tacón, "you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock!"

"Excelencia!"

"Not a word, senior. It is your part to obey!"

"My nobility, excellencia!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacón. Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacón's mode of administering justice and enforcing his own will to dare to rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted thus about to be torn from him.

In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart the governor's order, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned, and dispatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte, completely subdued and broken-spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and, with a single attendant, soon passed out of the city gates; but hardly had he passed the corner of the Pasco, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road. His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard—who had witnessed the act—made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and, mounting his horse, rode to the governor's palace, entering the presence-chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the governor.

"Excelencia," said the officer returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the count dead?"

"Excelencia, yes."

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the count's estate, and enforces this decision." Then turning to Pedro Mantanez he said: "No man or woman in the island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacón."

The story furnishes its own moral.—*Baldwin's History of Cuba.*

What Savages Think of Twins.

In Africa, according to Dr. Robert Brown ("Races of Mankind"), the birth of twins is commonly regarded as an evil omen. No one, except the twins themselves and their nearest relatives, is allowed to enter the hut in which they first saw the light. The children are not allowed to play with other children, and even the utensils of the hut are not permitted to be used by any one else. The mother is not allowed to talk to any one not belonging to her own family. If the children both live till the end of the sixth year, it is supposed that Nature has accommodated herself to their existence, and they are thenceforth admitted to association with their fellows. Nor is this abomination of twins restricted to Africa. In the island of Bali, near Java, a woman who is so unfortunate as to bear twins is obliged along with her husband, to live for a month at the sea-shore among the tombs until she is purified. The Khasias of Hindostan consider that to have twins assimilates the mother to the lower animals, and one of them is frequently put to death. An exactly similar belief prevails among some of the native tribes of Vancouver Island. Among the Ainos, one of the twins is always killed; and in Arebo, in Guinea, both the twins and the mother are put to death.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Mayor of Wilmington, N. C., has hit upon a novel method of ridding the city of thieves. He has notified the police that if the robberies that are of such frequent occurrence there are not abated by the 1st of October, he will discharge every man on the force.

In 1868 George Francis Train predicted that the Bank of California would collapse in a single day, and he was nearly mobbed.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The October number which is now before us, concludes the tenth volume of this magazine. It opens with some verses by George Lathrop, who is followed by Major Powell with another article on the Colorado. Mr. Stedman gives us his opinion of some "Minor Victorian Poets;" Mr. Fairfield tells us about Edgar A. Poe, and an anonymous writer gives some recollections of Liszt and Bulow. Mr. Byron Halstead has a readable compilation on fungi, ostensibly to direct attention to the edible value of some of the group; and other chapters, gleaned from published works, are, one by F. R. Stockton, "Pierrot, Warrior and Statesman," and the continuation of Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island." "The Winthrop Drury Affair" is a story by Mrs. Walker, and there are two more chapters, but not the conclusion, of "The Story of Seven-oaks." Besides Mr. Lathrop, already mentioned, Susan Coolidge, R. K., Kate Carlisle, Mary Ritter, H. H., Mary Bradley, George Baker, Jr., and R. W. G. contribute verses which are therefore not deficient in quality. The editorial notes are of the usual quality.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The frontispiece in the October number, which is the last of the second volume, is a spirited sketch of the battle between the Essex and Phoebe, an English and an American man-of-war, in the year 1812. It is followed by an account of the fight from the pen of S. G. W. Benjamin, who notes therein an incident in the early career of Admiral Farragut. Among other instructive articles are a description of the Frigate Bird, by John Lewis; notes about mermaids, unicorns and other fictitious animals, by Ella Church; a short sketch of the last day of the war for Independence, by C. C. The two serials, "Eight Cousins," and "The Young Surveyor," are aptly concluded. There are some good stories this month by Mrs. Diaz, Lucretia Hale, Mrs. Branch, John Emery, Sarah Kellogg, and Mrs. Burnett, besides a large supply of verses of the character now familiar to the patrons of St. Nicholas. Jack-in-the-Pulpit has recovered from the effects of the summer's weather, and the boys and girls will find his sermons better even than usual. "A Crooked Story" will furnish an excellent exercise for the little ones in more ways than one, and it is but just to add that in the completion of her second volume Mrs. Dodge has fully sustained if not surpassed the high standard which from an early period marked the first.

NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Teachers in the Sunday-school ought by all means to examine The National Sunday-school Teacher for October. In the lessons, so clearly, fully and helpfully explained, it will be of course the greatest help. But not only in this. Its "Editorial Miscellany" is so pertinent to the times, and, withal, is so chatty, witty and wise, that it is always one of the first departments read. It gathers up the pithiest and best sayings on Sunday-school matters in its department of "Sunday-school Gleanings." Under the head of "Sunday-school Work" it presents those incidents and facts of Sabbath-school labor in the United States that are of universal interest to Sunday-school men, and under the title of "Foreign" those of like interest that happen abroad, and in its "Teachers' Meeting" it gives hints and examples of new and successful methods of Sunday-school labor. The contributors to this number are Emily Huntington Miller, Prof. Edward Olney, L. D., Rev. E. L. Hunt, D. D., Rev. Geo. A. Peltz, and Rev. Lowellyn Pratt. Published by Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon, Pub. Co., Chicago, who also issue the "Little Folks."

Dreadful Result.

There are two persons on the lawn. It is pa and ma. They are playing croquet. She is ahead of him. See how she smiles. There, he has passed her. She does not smile now. She only hammers the ground. How he keeps going through the arches. It is not her turn yet. But how hard she hits her ball. Did you hear some glass jingle? It was the cellar window. There is her mallet, too. It is flung toward the man. See how he dodges it. It has landed over the fence. The woman has got through. She is going into the house. How furiously she twitches along. Now the man is left alone. He is playing croquet all by himself.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Would Certainly Be Called.

It was the same old lady who was seen walking up and down Leo street yesterday while the boat was taking on freight. She was ticketed for New Orleans, and the first night aboard the boat she opened her state-room just before retiring stuck her nose out and yelled: "Captain! capt'ing!" "What's wanted, madam?" inquired that official as he approached the door. "I'm a lone woman, capt'ing, as you well know," she squeaked, "and if this boat blows up I depend on you to call me!" He agreed, and she slept soundly and peacefully.

The Past and Present,

An Essay read by Mrs. H. B. Perkins, at the Grange Picnic, held at Mexico Point, Aug. 21st, 1875.

Has the wonderful idea of "this world on wheels" ever occurred to us? Do we linger in contemplation over the past, fully realizing the prospects and condition of our country before the wheels of civilization were heard among us? Allow us but a brief retrospection. We look backward across years that are crowded with memories, while far back in the dim distance lies the starting place, and along the whole way the wheels of civilization have left their ineffable tread.

But a few years ago this grand continent which we now inhabit, was a wilderness, and the places which at present we occupy were inhabited by the red men of the forest. Here and there a wigwam curiously wrought and furnished, the smoke curling its way through the trees of the forest. But the noble and enterprising Columbus, excited by the spirit of adventure, and mused to seek the meeds of fame, toiled to prove to Europe that there was another continent still unknown to them. Finally they complied with his request, and fitted out and equipped an expedition. He astonished their seamen, and gave an example to Europe which did not fail to be imitated.

To him, then, are we indebted for our existence in America. The onward march of civilization has here placed, instead of those huts and wigwams, neat and commodious dwellings that a king might admire. The bark canoe that once floated upon these silvery waters is now exchanged for ships with stately masts, and steamboats. A few years ago the latter were quite novelties; now, nearly every river is enlivened by their presence, every portion of our country receives their freights, and the green waters of old ocean are made by them to assist in bringing the far-off produce to our doors.

A few years ago canals were considered the great internal channels of trade, now railroads supersede them both in England and America. A short time since we had only thirteen states and territories, and now there are upwards of fifty, and from existing circumstances no small prospect of extending from the north pole to the south. A few years ago it was considered that education was confined to high schools and colleges, but now institutions are formed to qualify teachers for common schools, that every child becomes the channel by which education is communicated to succeeding generations, as the means of acquiring knowledge have become so simplified by diagrams and experiments that it may be comprehended by the smallest capacities of children that strive to obtain it.

A knowledge of matter and its laws have opened to us sources of power which already supersede, in many employments, the labor of both man and beast. Even the winds have had their power applied to useful purposes; while a knowledge of hydraulics has made our rivers yield their untiring power for the benefit of the human race. And close examination of the nature of water, has revealed the quality of changing from a liquid to an aeriform state, and the laws which govern that change have been made to yield an available power for the multiplication of life, for steam is not confined to any locality, and therefore can be found wherever water and fuel can be found. The steam engine has nearly revolutionized society, and its importance can scarcely be overrated. But electric magnetism as a courier has already outrun its fortunate rival, and left the locomotive at a snail's pace in comparison with its own lightning speed.

Now we prize, as an intelligent people, all works of art and science. We point with pride to the greatness of the trade and commerce of our country, and we boast that our navy darkens every ocean, and our flag at the mast rolls out on every breeze the wide world through, and our banner of stars is known and loved wherever it floats. Now, we as a thinking people must be led to inquire from what source do the innumerable millions thus employed obtain the means of support? We readily answer, through the sturdy farmer, the tiller of the soil. It is he who wrenches from the soil the life-blood of the nation, the motive power which drives the wheels of civilization. Then, all honor to the farmer. God's nobleman is he. Now, the farmers having conceived the idea that by association they might the better keep pace with their more speculative neighbors, entered into an organization calling themselves Grangers, and had their origin in the antagonism between the farming interests and the railroad transportation system at the West.

We are often importuned by outsiders after this manner, "What is there to a grange, and how can it benefit me?" We cannot take time to enumerate all the benefits connected with the grange, but wish to state we are a body of people whose hearts and souls beat in harmony with the great heart of the toiling millions, with the one faithful purpose of good to all.

Some say that as we are a secret order they cannot work with us. The moral sentiment of the world has always sanctioned the power of association to elevate or benefit mankind. Christians use it, temperance men use it, the friends of freedom used it in anti-slavery times, and we see no good reason why the tillers of the soil may not use it to stir up the agricultural class to duty, to inspire hope and confidence in themselves by fighting against and dethroning monopolies and oppressions, which now stand as a formidable barrier to financial success. Let us strive to show to the world that our incentive is the benefit of all concerned, both morally, socially, mentally, physically and financially. We have a rational faith that strict adherence to our principles of fidelity, blended with our amusements as well as dealings, can but lead the public to admire, instead of censure, finally working out for the fraternity a host of friends.

To the friends of the order, we would say, let us hold on to our place and purpose, knowing changes which endure are not created in a day, and methinks ere long the great mass of mind in our country will be led to exclaim, "A lively greeting to the farmer, for the farmer feeds us all."

Mr. Jones' Misapprehension.

It was only two days ago that Jones, painfully aware of his inebriety, endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horses started forward—and instantly tumbled out backward, without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud and entered the car and seated himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and queried:

"Klissin'?"

"No."

He considered a moment and then asked:

"Offtrack?"

"No."

More reflection—sleepily; then again "Runoverprespice?"

"No."

"Splashin'?"

"No."

Nonnolent cogitation.

"Any accident?"

"Not at all."

He took in this piece of information, and concluded he must be very drunk indeed. Anxious to cover up the fact and turn the matter off respectfully, he shortly turned again with the bland observation:

"Well, if I'd anone that I woodent got out."

He blinked off into an unconscious state after awhile, then "woke up" with his eyes very wide open, to show that he had only been thinking. He rode on about a mile beyond his street, and was finally taken home in a hack.

No Sabbath.

Had prize essay on the Sabbath, written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, which for singular power of language and beauty of expression has never been surpassed, there occurs the following passage. "Read it and then reflect for a while what a dreary and desolate page would this life present if the Sabbath were blotted out from our civilization!"

Yoke fellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs straining, the brain forever on the rack, the fingers forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would extinguish, the merry-heartedness it would extingish, of the giant strength it would tread, of the resources of nature it would crush, of the amount of sickness it would breed, of the projects that it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and molling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, striving and struggling in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, out at sea and on the shore, in the days of brightness and of gloom. What a picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!

The old librarian of the University of Virginia, who was there when Edgar A. Poe was a student, denies the tradition that he was expelled. He used to be a pretty wild fellow, but he also did well in the ancient languages, and took several prizes.

Love Across the Footlights.

While Miss Frances Kelly was playing at Drury Lane, in 1810, in "The modern Antiquary," a madman named Barnett, fired a pistol from the pit. The shot passed within an inch or so of Miss Kelly's head. All the house was in consternation, and Miss Kelly fainted dead away, and was carried home. The lunatic was arrested and taken to a mad-house. On examination, he stated that "love despised" was the cause of his attempt, for he had frequently addressed letters to the lady, which, coming from a perfect stranger, she never replied to. The poor creature died in bedlam a few months later. Miss Kelly is not a solitary instance; one man, during fifteen years, was always present at the performances of Miss Stephens, who subsequently became Countess of Essex. He invariably sat in the third or fourth row of the pit, and the instant the opera was over quitted the house, and placed himself at the stage door to catch a glimpse of the siren as she passed to her carriage, but she never addressed him by word or look. When Miss Stephens became Countess of Essex, this man took to standing opposite her house, and had to be sent off by force, and returning again and again, was at last conveyed to a lunatic asylum. In Dublin, Miss Kelly was the heroine of another absurd adventure.

A wealthy gentleman fell desperately enamored of her, and followed her about the Irish capital like a lap-dog. He was very inefficient, and the only annoyance he was guilty of was throwing bouquets upon the stage in the most extravagant manner. Once, on the occasion of a benefit, he wished to be extra gallant, and let out of a basket a dozen or so of white doves, who flew about the house to the distraction of the actress and amusement of the audience. When Miss Kelly left Ireland and went to London, her "lover" followed her to Westmoreland Street, and behaved in such an excited manner in front of her house that she was obliged to have him arrested. He was restored to his friends, who promised to convey him to a lunatic asylum.

While relating this affair to the magistrate, Miss Kelly alluded to the "mad lover" who had shot at her. "What can it mean?" she said. "Surely, sir, it can't be my beauty that drives these gentlemen wild?" The question puzzled the magistrate, who looked up, smiled, and answered, "Madam, it's your charms, for although you are so ugly, you are still the most lovable person I ever beheld."

A Mother's Love.

The following incident of the recent floods in France is as touching an illustration of the power of a mother's love as any of the books contain:

At Castelxarrasin a young mother took her two infants (twins at the breast), tied them together and placed them in a large woollen trough used for kneading bread, and committed it to the waves, hoping that it would save her children's lives, as she felt that her house was about to fall. The improvised boat swam safely for a time, but soon afterward the current dashed it against the trunk of a tree, where it was broken. The poor woman, to whom maternal love gave a superhuman force, succeeded in seizing a branch and climbed into the tree. But it was too weak, and began to crack ominously. She then rapidly tied the infants to a branch, kissed them, made the sign of the cross and leaped into the waves. The two little twins were saved, but the devoted mother was drowned.

Thrilling Proof of Affection.

When a couple of excursionists were strolling through the market at Detroit, the girl looking longingly at the fruit, and the young man, after a struggle with himself, purchased several plums and divided with her.

"Do you doubt my love, Milly?" he asked, as they chewed the fruit.

"Noap," she replied, her mouth "plum" full.

"Because," he continued, "if I did not love you I wouldn't be around buying boss plums at five cents apiece, would I?"

She seemed satisfied.

A Chicago woman advertises in the Marriage Bazaar: "I want an honorable, honest gentleman for a husband. No lawyer, doctor, or politician may apply. I will give my future husband on my marriage day \$10,000 cash, and twice that amount in real estate. I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 4 1/2 inches high, weight 140 pounds, a good musician, and well educated. Editor has address."

A conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad recently kissed one of his lady passengers, a Miss McCracken. She resented his action, and instituted a suit against the railroad for damages on the ground that she was kissed by the whole company through the conductor, as agent. An Illinois jury awarded her \$1,000, which is \$83.33 from each director or ten cents from each stockholder.

The sophomore class of Lafayette College at Easton, Pa., arrayed themselves in Ku-Klux costume, a few nights ago, and raided on the members of the freshman class, dragging them from their beds and perpetrating numerous outrages on their persons. The faculty suspended the sophs as fast as they could be caught, and among them were found a son of Gov. Hartshorn and a son of Cyrus L. Pershing.

Professor Hart, of Cornell University, director of the geological survey of Brazil, has left Rio Janeiro with his assistants, and begun his work. The starting point at the coast is Pernambuco. It is thought that seven years will be required to complete the survey.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
 FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
 HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
 Clubs of ten, \$12.50
 If not paid within six months, \$2.50
 These prices are payable in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Ansonia, Cayuga Co., N. Y.
 All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 inch,	\$2.75	\$5.00	\$7.25	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$30.00
2 inches,	5.00	9.00	13.00	18.00	25.00	50.00
3 columns,	7.50	13.50	20.00	28.00	40.00	80.00
4 columns,	10.00	18.00	27.00	38.00	55.00	110.00
1 column,	8.00	12.00	18.00	25.00	35.00	70.00

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1875.

The Recent Service at Mexico.

A service for deaf-mutes was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in Grace church, in this place, on Sunday afternoon, the 12th inst., at four o'clock. For lack of space we have omitted our comments upon the subject till this time. All of those deaf-mutes who participated in the pleasant picnic at Mexico Point, a beautiful spot on the shore of Lake Ontario, highly enjoyed the occasion, especially a game called "Boston," in which Dr. Gallaudet took a lively part, remained over the following Sunday in order to attend the service, except Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain and Mrs. A. Johnson, who had departed the previous evening for Rome. On the same evening that they left, Messrs. C. O. Upham and C. C. Van Namee, both of Watertown, made their appearance. Mr. Van Namee is a speaking young man and a prominent drug merchant in that city, and during his stay here he mingled with the mutes most of the time and seemed to take an interest in their welfare; and he even subscribed for the JOURNAL.

The text for Dr. Gallaudet's sermon was from St. John viii, 51. His discourse was very instructive and edifying, and was received with marked attention by all present. One singular coincidence of the two services he held in the church, one for the deaf-mutes in the afternoon and the other for the regular congregation in the evening, was that the collections taken at these two times for the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes exactly balanced. These church services are highly appreciated by the deaf-mutes, and in the case of most of them Dr. Gallaudet's religious labors are not bestowed in vain.

"Western New York Institution for Deaf-mutes."

The proposal for another State Institution for Deaf-mutes with Rochester as its location has been talked up considerably of late. The question at issue is whether an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb is a necessity in the western part of the State. It is already well known that in Eastern New York there are two institutions for deaf-mutes, and in Central New York one, all supported by the State. It is true there is also one in the city of Buffalo, receiving the same subsidy, but it is founded upon the principles of Roman Catholicism, and of course offers educational advantages to a comparatively small number of deaf-mutes of the State. It will thus be seen at once that of the advantage of education which Eastern New York profusely offers, Western New York is almost entirely deprived. There being already three institutions in the eastern and central portions of the State, it stands to the light of reason that a fourth one should be established at Rochester, and upon this Western New York has just as a good claim as the rest of New York have. It is certainly a very important acquisition for the Western deaf-mutes and should be heartily encouraged. To this it seems no valid objection can be raised.

With the rapid increase of population and a corresponding increase in the deaf-mute portion of citizens, it has long been apparent to the minds of the most observing that the parent institution in New York City is becoming taxed beyond its utmost capacity to accommodate and instruct the deaf and dumb of our great State. Not long since, after the Central New York Institution was inaugurated in the city of Rome, it was discovered that there were considerable numbers of deaf-mutes in the vicinity and within the surrounding country, in pressing need of education, some of whom would most probably never have received it were it not for the advantages offered of attend-

ing school without the necessity of going so far from home to acquire it. This new institution is fast growing in favor with the people of that portion of the State, and no doubts can be entertained but that it will fill the needs and be a useful State school for deaf-mutes. Though not yet a year in existence, it has the attendance of forty-two pupils, as will be seen by the Rome letter published elsewhere. So, if Rochester should have a similar State institution, there will in time be found a sufficient number of deaf-mutes for its pupils from Western New York and the school will be acknowledged as a necessity. The proposition to establish such a State institution there is one which merits the approbation of the people, particularly of that section of the State, and is, as we understand, sanctioned and highly recommended by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, and prominent educators of the deaf and dumb. The need of this proposed school at Rochester for the contiguous country, has long been felt and received the encouragement of several wealthy and influential citizens of the city. Mr. Perkins, a prominent merchant of that place, who is the father of a little deaf-mute daughter, is among the most enthusiastic projectors of the enterprise, and there are several distinguished gentlemen who are in favor of it and willing to put forth strong efforts to push it forward. With the large numbers of deaf-mutes residing around there, to which may be added the wealth and influence of the surrounding cities and country, there can be no important obstacles to prevent the organization of such an institution on a sound basis, and, in time, after it had been put under fair sail by private subscriptions, it can get a place in the catalogue with those other institutions which receive their support from the State. That the plan will work feasibly and successfully we have no doubt, if the right kind of men enter upon the work with good will, pluck, patience and perseverance. It will give the pupils the advantage of acquiring a more thorough education than they can where the classes are so full that the teacher can pay but little personal attention to each pupil. It will also prove to be a great saving to the parents of deaf-mute children in their expenses in sending the latter to school at a shorter distance, which is a matter of no insignificant account in a five or ten years' course of instruction. In no way would it interfere with either the New York or the Rome Institutions, but, on the contrary, relieve the plethoric condition of the former and that of the latter in future years.

We heard last summer that a speaking professor in an institution was urgently requested to undertake the enterprise, and he was promised the assistance of a lady who has had great success as a teacher of articulation, but whether he has thus far done anything in that direction, we have not been informed. We hope he has not abandoned it, but will at no distant day make an effort and push it ahead. Indeed, it may be conceded, that if he does not, it will be necessary for some one to take the place. We shall wait and watch this important movement with feelings of hope in the enterprise, and large faith in its final success.

Marriage of Deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Chapel, Troy, N. Y.

On Thursday, Sept. 23rd, at 2 p. m., the chapel was crowded to witness the marriage of Mr. Harrison A. Burt, of Ticonderoga and Miss Martha Maxwell, of Troy. The service was read by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Gwynne and interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The latter tied the knot. Mr. W. T. Collins was groomsmen and Miss S. M. Schutt, bridesmaid. Among the friends who called upon Mr. and Mrs. Burt at the residence of Mrs. Schutt, were Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, (also graduates of the New York Institution), who were married in Whitehall, on Tuesday, the 21st inst.

Deaths in New York.

Mrs. Margaret J. Vanderbeck, the mother of Mrs. James Lewis, died on Thursday, the 16th inst., at the age of 72. Her funeral was attended on Sunday, the 19th, at 9:30 a. m. At 1:30 p. m., the same day, the funeral of George W. Bouton took place. He was the grandchild of Mr. William Genet, and an interesting child of one year's age. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at both services. Being obliged to be absent from the service for deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, at 2:45 p. m., Mr. James S. Wells very kindly took his place. The Rev. John Chamberlain, assistant minister at St. Ann's, had left a few days before on his annual vacation.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet, who has been visiting her many friends in Mexico, since her return from Ohio, upwards of two weeks ago, resumed her journey last Monday. She was accompanied by Mrs. H. C. Rider as far as Rome, where they were to stop with Mr. Wright, a personal friend of Dr. Gallaudet's. While there, they intend to pay the Central New York Institution a visit, and, after spending a couple of days in the city, Mrs. G. is to

continue her journey homeward and Mrs. R. to return home. For several years past, Mrs. Gallaudet has visited Mexico from time to time, and has always seemed to enjoy her visits. We can assure her that her visits have been as highly gratifying to her many deaf-mute and other friends in this village and vicinity as they have been pleasant for her. We hope they will never grow less in number and happiness to herself and her friends.

The friends of the Deaf and Dumb, and all interested in the Institution for the "children of silence," will be very glad to learn that Mr. J. Scott Hutton has made up his mind to decline the flattering and most eligible position recently offered to him of the Head Mastership of the Institution in Edinburgh. It was in the Edinburgh Institution—one of the best in the world—that Mr. Hutton was trained. That he should have received the offer of being placed at the head of his Alma Mater was a high tribute to Mr. Hutton, and a proof of the solid reputation he has gained. The temptation to accept the offered position, and to return to his native land and kindred, must have been very hard to resist. But it has been resisted, and we may say that Mr. Hutton is not unused to declining "calls" to more lucrative posts, though the facts do not reach the public ear. He has chosen to stand by the Institution with whose growth and prosperity he has been identified for nearly twenty years, and which is undoubtedly one of the best conducted in America. Mr. Hutton's removal from Halifax would be a very severe loss, and in proportion to our regret had he gone away is our joy that he is to remain among us.—Presbyterian (Halifax N. S.) Witness, Sept. 4th.

The Death and Funeral of a Deaf-mute.

Mark Wilkins, of Antrim, N. H., died on the 31st of August ult., after an illness of five days, leaving a widow, and a daughter about twelve years old. The deceased was a graduate of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., and like him his wife was deaf. His funeral was attended Sept. 2, by fifteen mutes, Hennessey being largely represented. Mr. Thos. L. Brown, a teacher in the Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes, and spending his vacation with his father, Thos. Brown, of West Hennessey, read in signs the notes of the funeral sermon prepared by Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Antrim for that purpose, and even the hymns were made known to the mutes present during the singing. The text for the occasion was Samuel 20: 3, and the last words in the sermon were: "Our brother Mark was found ready." His age was 53 years.—Hillsboro' Messenger.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21st, 1875.
 EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would suggest that "Civis" had better in future inquire into the authenticity of his reports, before he sends them to be published. He says the management of the Manhattan Literary Association is irregular. Now, that is entirely false; it is both well and regularly managed; and, unlike the Sunnyside Social Club (of Brooklyn), it always shows more initiatives than resignations; whereas, in its Brooklyn rival the reverse is the case, not on account of irregularity of management, but by reason of the domineering propensities of one of its members. Why cannot our Brooklyn brethren be what their name implies, link themselves arm in arm and march solidly along remembering always that one link broken, breaks the chain? We wish them every prosperity, but would advise them to mind their own constitution before they send their representative to inquire into the defects of their seniors.

I write this as a caution to your correspondent (Civis), and by giving it publicity you will oblige
 GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.

NORTH WALTON, Sept. 25, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Wednesday, the 8th inst., at Deposit, Mr. Edward H. Clapp, of Oswego, was married to Miss A. Davis, of Deposit, by a Baptist minister, a young lady interpreting for them. The ceremony was attended by the relatives and friends of the bride and groom, both of whom are graduates of New York Institution, and it was a very pleasant affair. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents and left with many regrets and congratulations from her friends, for her new home at Oswego, where her husband lives, and pursues his business as a shoemaker, with his father, in a large establishment. May both of them receive the blessings of God.

Yours truly,
 STEPHEN W. FITCH.

Laura Bridgman.

A writer in the Christian Union thus describes a visit to Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's pupil, born blind, deaf and dumb, at her home near the Institution for the Blind at South Boston: "If any one supposes that by reason of deprivation she is queer or awkward in person or manners he is altogether in error. There is nothing at all singular in her appearance. When I entered the parlor a member of the family with whom she lives was playing on the piano, and close beside her, on a low seat, there was a very slight, very erect, quiet, self-possessed looking girl, who seemed to be listening to the music, while her hands were busy over some crocheting or similar work. She would have been taken for a guest who was nimbly fashioning some pretty article while being entertained with music. The expression of her face was bright and interesting, and one watching her satisfied look would have been slow to believe that she did not hear. The green shade over her eyes indicated that she was one of the blind. She had on a brown dress, a blue ribbon at the neck,

a gold ring and chain, and a watch or locket in her belt—a neatly attired, genteel, ladylike person, looking about thirty-five, though her age is really not far from forty-four, with soft, brown hair, smooth and fine, a well shaped head, fair complexion and handsome features. That was Laura. Dr. Howe spoke of her as "comely and refined in form and attitude, graceful in motion and positively handsome in features," and of her "expressive face," which, indeed, in sensibility and intelligence, is above instead of below the average. As soon as the information was conveyed to her that she had a visitor from her native State who knew people in the town where her nearest kindred live, she came swiftly across the room, leaving her work on the center-table as she passed it, and grasped my hand, laughing with the eagerness of a child. Then she sat down face to face with the lady who has charge of her, and commenced an animated conversation, by the manual alphabet, easily understood by one who has practiced it; but the sleight-of-hand by which the fingers of the friendly hostess, manipulating on Laura's slender wrists, communicated with that living consciousness shut in there without one perfect sense except to taste and touch, was something mysterious, inscrutable, to my duller sense. Yet that the communication was definite, quick, incisive, so to speak, was manifest enough, for Laura's face beamed, and she was all alert. Partly by the letters and partly by signs she said a great deal to me. She "ought to be at home to be company for mother," she said; and once or twice she fashioned the word "mamma" very distinctly with her lips. With regard to this vocal expression, Dr. Howe says: "She has attained such facility for talking in the manual alphabet that I regret that I did not try also to teach her to speak by vocal organs or regular speech." She asked if I knew a member of her family now dead, and said, "That was a long year after Carl died." She seemed brimming over with things to tell me, and wanted me to know about her teaching some of the blind girls to sew, which is part of her daily employment in the school near by, and which she takes great pride in, threading the needles and making her pupils pick out their work if it is not done nicely. She is a good seamstress herself, does fancy work, and can run a sewing machine. Next, she caught hold of my hand and led me up two flights of stairs to her room to show me her things, but the first movement was to take me to the window, where she patted on the glass and signified that I should see what a pleasant prospect there was from it. And there she, who had never seen or heard, waited by my side in great content while I looked and listened.

The sky was blue, with white clouds floating over it, and birds were singing. It was a perfect April day, but she could get no consciousness of it except in the softness of the air. Yet her face was radiant, and she stood there as though she both saw and heard. I wish I could bring before all those who are discontented with their lot, repining because God has withheld something from them or taken something away, the cheerful face of this girl who has so little, but who accepts it as if she had all; who has never seen a human countenance or heard a human voice; who in the infinite glory and beauty of this outward world has no part, shut in by herself in that silent, dark, unchanging, awful loneliness. Finally she took out a sheet of paper, pressed it down on her French writing-board, examined the point of her pencil, and wrote her autograph: "God is love and truth. L. N. Bridgman." And then from her needle-case and spool-box she produced a cambric needle and fine cotton, and showed me how she threaded a needle, which was done by holding the eye against the tip of her tongue, the exquisite nicety of touch in her tongue guiding her to pass the thread through. It was done in an instant, though it seemed impossible to do it at all, and then she presented me the threaded needle triumphantly, having secured it by slipping a knot.—Ed.

Fatal Accident.

On Wednesday, the 22d inst., Charles W. Virgil, of this town, was instantly killed while threshing with his brother at Wm. Edick's, near Holmesville. They had finished their day's work, and Charles Virgil threw the band off the wheel before the brake was applied. His brother applied the brake with as much force as he dared, but it was insufficient, and then young Virgil attempted stopping it himself, and used so much force that the wheel flew in pieces, striking him on the head, and killing him instantly. He was 26 years of age, and leaves a wife and child, parents, brothers and a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his sudden death. The funeral took place on Saturday last, and was largely attended.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

A correspondent in writing from Fontanelle, Iowa, says: "In Fontanelle, last Monday, a Mrs. Kilburn, the wife of a very smart and wealthy lawyer, was burnt to death. In making a fire to get dinner, she poured some kerosene into the stove, not knowing there was any fire in it. It at once caught fire, exploded, and flew all over her. She ran out doors and fell down. One woman burnt her hands very much in trying to get her clothes off. They all burnt off except a morocco belt and shoes. A man cut off her shoes, and her stomach was burnt to a cinder. She was an only child. When she was carried out in her coffin, her mother, who was a feeble old lady, ran out to the coffin and fell down dead! Did you ever hear of anything so sad? Mrs. K. left five little children."

John Wise, the balloonist.

John Wise, the balloonist, who has kept so quiet since the failure of the projected transatlantic air trip that a newspaper inadvertently spoke of him as dead, writes to Appleton's Journal to say that he is alive and still a believer in the air current theory. He will, he says, use a copper balloon in his next attempt. He is also laying the foundation of a system of weather predictions by which he hopes to foretell the weather accurately a year ahead.

Mr. Gladstone, in an address at the laying of the foundation stone of the new King's School at Chester, England, said that this was a time in which it was necessary for all who were connected with the trading and commercial classes of this country to bestir themselves if they wished to maintain their position, as popular education was rapidly extending, and the result would be to bring out of the laboring community a considerable number who would be formidable competitors to those of the middle class. So far as he could see, the competition of manual laborers among themselves was becoming fiercer, while the competition of mental laborers was becoming, and would become, sharper and sharper.

—Horse distemper, partaking of the epizootic character, is quite prevalent hereabouts.

Minor Topics.

The Suez Canal earned over \$5,000,000 last year, and cost over \$3,000,000.

The Bureau Veritas reports 68 sailing vessels and 8 steamships as lost during the month of July.

Victor Hugo, it is said, has made \$700,000 by his pen. Of this amount his plays alone netted \$150,000.

A large collection of the different varieties of fish and shell fish found in Maryland waters is to be on exhibition at the approaching Centennial.

The rice crop of Louisiana amounted to only 3,000 barrels in 1860, but the yield of this year will reach 200,000 barrels. One planter has 2,500 acres of it.

An English company has purchased a large tract of land in Russell county, Kansas, near the Victoria colony, for agricultural purposes.

The oil springs of Pennsylvania were known to the whites as early as 1620, but the full uses and value of petroleum were not known for 200 years afterwards.

The Lutherans of Russia are following the example of the Mennonites to escape military service. A large number are on their way to Wisconsin to found a colony.

The Constitutional Convention of Texas contains forty-one farmers, twenty-eight lawyers, three physicians, three editors, two merchants, one printer, and twelve whose occupations are unknown.

The proprietors of the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution are organizing an expedition for the thorough exploration of the great Okefenokee Swamp in that State—something that has never before been attempted.

The Direct Cable is an accomplished fact. The organization of the new company has already had a good effect in lowering the rates for ocean messages. It is now twenty-five cents a word in gold, where originally a dollar.

The Irish citizens of Boston have presented Wendell Phillips with a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica, as an expression of their gratitude and admiration for his oration on Daniel O'Connell on the centennial anniversary of his birth.

Prof. Fawcett, M. P., made a speech at the distribution of prizes at Salisbury, England, recently, in which he deprecated the prevailing practice of studying too many subjects, and recommended instead the thorough mastering of a few as more likely to promote mental growth.

In his native city, September 12, United Italy celebrated the birth of her greatest sculptor and one of her greatest architects and painters. The celebration continued three days, and included services at the tomb of the great artist and the inauguration of a monument in a square to bear his name.

The Greek Government has sent word to the committee for a Byron monument in London that, mindful of the services of Lord Byron to Greece, and desirous of seeing them commemorated, it will supply whatever Pentelic marble the committee may require, free of cost, and that the expense of its transportation will be paid out of the Greek exchequer.

John Wise, the balloonist, who has kept so quiet since the failure of the projected transatlantic air trip that a newspaper inadvertently spoke of him as dead, writes to Appleton's Journal to say that he is alive and still a believer in the air current theory. He will, he says, use a copper balloon in his next attempt. He is also laying the foundation of a system of weather predictions by which he hopes to foretell the weather accurately a year ahead.

Mr. Gladstone, in an address at the laying of the foundation stone of the new King's School at Chester, England, said that this was a time in which it was necessary for all who were connected with the trading and commercial classes of this country to bestir themselves if they wished to maintain their position, as popular education was rapidly extending, and the result would be to bring out of the laboring community a considerable number who would be formidable competitors to those of the middle class. So far as he could see, the competition of manual laborers among themselves was becoming fiercer, while the competition of mental laborers was becoming, and would become, sharper and sharper.

PARISH.

—Edmund Potter, Esq., has recently been appointed Justice of the Peace in this town, in the place of A. J. House, Esq., who has moved out of town.

—The ladies of Eureka Lodge gave a superb supper at their hall last Tuesday evening. It was done up in good farmer style. The Colosse Cornet Band was present and gave us some music.

—Central Square and Parish have been playing base ball together of late. Week ago Saturday our boys went to the Square and got beat. Last Saturday the Square boys came to our place and got beat. The best of feeling prevails, as both are triumphant and both defeated. Next Saturday our boys are going again to the Square, and then there will be more fun. Last Saturday, after the play was over, the boys took supper with mine host, L. D. Snell, of the Martin House. Being unceremoniously seated at the table, we can say truly the inner man could be well satisfied there. Furthermore, we came to the conclusion that everybody, especially young men, who once dine at the Martin House would like to do so again, on account of two very genteel young ladies, who are very attentive to the guests, and who likewise are worthy of attention from the best.

—Our merchants are now filling up their stores again, and claim they sell awful cheap, so as even to astonish Grangers.

—Our friend, Sterling Newell, now appears to have his face set towards the Poor House. To be sure there is a little impediment in the way, but it is hoped that the 2d day of November next will remove the impediment. If friend Newell knows how to inflate votes (and we are inclined to think he does), he certainly will remove the impediment. As newells are very convenient and necessary in the windings and twistings of architecture, we cannot see why they may not be good in politics in forming steps to ascend to higher attainments in economy and purity, which the people stand very much in need of. We want purity and economy of "sterling" worth, and of actual realities, not fancy pictures placed on political platforms or ornaments.

—Finally, the Democrats have manifested more sympathy for Parish than the Republicans—they have given us an office, that of Cornelius Edick, Esq., for Justice of Sessions. Well, we are thankful for small favors, after being denied Assemblyman, Superintendent of Poor, and School Commissioner. We feel very proud that mother Mexico and daughter Parish will furnish the Judges ornament for 1876, the nation's centennial year, which will be a grand epoch in our national history.

—Information has been received at Oswego that Alexander Qual, the man who escaped drowning and kept it a secret to defraud an insurance company, is in Michigan. He has been indicted for jail breaking.

—The Albany Express of Saturday says: "After all, conjugal happiness don't depend on wealth altogether. Here's a young girl just married, near Troy, to an old man of seventy-two, who wore a borrowed suit of clothes, and paid the marriage fee with a peck of beans."

—The Oswego Palladium, in speaking of Sterling Newell's nomination for Superintendent of the Poor, says: "Sterling Newell, of Mexico, the candidate for Superintendent of the Poor, is a man who is noted for his integrity, who is fully competent to do the duty of the office to which he is named, and in electing him the people would benefit themselves."

—The Utica Herald mentions as a remarkable coincidence, the singular fact that just seventeen years ago, Thursday, the day of the starting of the first mail train from New York to Chicago, on the same day of the month and same day of the week, John Butterfield, of Utica, started the first overland mail coach across the plains for California. That was quite an enterprise at that time, and it excited quite as much interest as the new order of things.

—Since the Syracuse Northern railroad has passed into the hands of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company, a new company, entitled the Syracuse and Northern Railroad Company, has been organized with the following Board of Directors: Marcellus Massey, F. S. Massey, Moses Taylor, Samuel Sloan, John T. Denney, C. Zabriskie, R. G. Rolston, J. W. Moak, J. S. Sawyer, Theo. Irwin, George B. Sloan, John Brishin, B. G. Clark.

—Last Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, a union temperance prayer meeting was held in the Presbyterian church. At 7 o'clock, Rev. S. P. Gray delivered an address on temperance at the same place, to the united congregations of the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist societies. It was an eloquent, stirring appeal. The speaker convinced the audience that he was thoroughly in earnest, and if we had more such men, temperance would be more prevalent than it is at present.

—The Frayne block, and the store occupied by Cobb Bros., have each received a new coat of paint. The work was begun on the store of our genial friend "Sol" and the first coat being a dark green verging upon black, some joker suggested that he was putting on mourning for the Republican party. He has demonstrated that such is not the case, however, and has proved his devotion to the "hard money" platform of the party by trimming the green with gold. Seeing the improvement, Cobb Bros. did likewise, to the great improvement of their store. The work was done by "Harm" Ames, and is well done, and we congratulate our friends on their "new departure" and hope that plenty of specie will find its way into their tills.

Didn't Get Much Booty.

About half past six o'clock Monday morning, Mr. Gideon Jones, a miller employed in Railroad Mills, saw a tin box of the size frequently used to keep valuable papers in, upon the sidewalk, near the corner of Railroad and Cemetery Sts. On examining it he found the lock had been wrenched off. He then searched the vicinity, and soon discovered several bundles of papers stowed away under the fence. These consisted of deeds, receipts, an insurance policy, etc., belonging to W. D. P. Mains of this town. He gathered them up and sent them to the owner by L. B. Cobb. Mr. Mains was very much surprised by the return of papers that he supposed were safe in his house. Upon examination it was found that no papers were missing, and that no money had been obtained by the robbers. It is supposed the house was entered while all the family were at church on Sunday evening. We hope the burglars are no disgusted with lack of success that they will, in the future, obtain their livelihood by more honest means.

—Commencing on the 19th of October the Presbyterian Synod of Central New York, embracing the counties of Oneida, Madison, Oswego, Onondaga, Jefferson, St. Lawrence, Lewis, Herkimer, Otsego, Chenango, Delaware, Broome, and Tioga, and one deposit in Orange county, will meet in Rome, Oneida Co., and continue in session about three days.

DEEDS.

—Now the leaves are turning. Next spring they will be returning.

—The apple crop, in all parts of the State, is reported very light.

—The colored men of the State will hold a State Convention at Oswego, on Tuesday, October 15th.

—It is said that by laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately, and that by leaving it on one hour the wound is healed.

—There are 1,487 old settlers getting ready to predict a hard winter on the strength of muskrat architecture and the burdocks in the cow's tail.

—It is estimated that more swearing is done during the fall months than during any other portion of the year. All because more stoves are set up.

—Early risers will be able to view the eclipse of the sun at sunrise to-morrow (Wednesday), provided, however, that no clouds obscure their vision.

—It takes an awful long time to get the young man of the family out of bed these mornings, but it don't take him long to get down to the kitchen fire after he is out.

—The Salmon River Sportsmen's Club announces a pigeon match to come off at Redfield at 1 p. m., Sep. 29. The prize amount to \$50; 500 birds are on hand. Entries and birds, \$3.

—They are now making gilt-edged paper collars, and just as soon as the public can be educated up to the point of wearing them there will be no further need of dollar store jewelry.

—It is certainly a safe, as well as a definite innovation—the new custom coming into vogue of publishing the witnesses to marriages. Surrogates will be saved much future extra labor.

—There was a case of the people against the Board of Excise of Oswego, before Judge Merwin, September 25. The board was charged with granting illegal licenses. The jury found for the defendants.

—Information has been received at Oswego that Alexander Qual, the man who escaped drowning and kept it a secret to defraud an insurance company, is in Michigan. He has been indicted for jail breaking.

—The Albany Express of Saturday says: "After all, conjugal happiness don't depend on wealth altogether. Here's a young girl just married, near Troy, to an old man of seventy-two, who wore a borrowed suit of clothes, and paid the marriage fee with a peck of beans."

—The Oswego Palladium, in speaking of Sterling Newell's nomination for Superintendent of the Poor, says: "Sterling Newell, of Mexico, the candidate for Superintendent of the Poor, is a man who is noted for his integrity, who is fully competent to do the duty of the office to which he is named, and in electing him the people would benefit themselves."

—The Utica Herald mentions as a remarkable coincidence, the singular fact that just seventeen years ago, Thursday, the day of the starting of the first mail train from New York to Chicago, on the same day of the month and same day of the week, John Butterfield, of Utica, started the first overland mail coach across the plains for California. That was quite an enterprise at that time, and it excited quite as much interest as the new order of things.

—Since the Syracuse Northern railroad has passed into the hands of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company, a new company, entitled the Syracuse and Northern Railroad Company, has been organized with the following Board of Directors: Marcellus Massey, F. S. Massey, Moses Taylor, Samuel Sloan, John T. Denney, C. Zabriskie, R. G. Rolston, J. W. Moak, J. S. Sawyer, Theo. Irwin, George B. Sloan, John

The Central New York Institution.

Now that the first term of the Institution has fairly begun, things of interest to your readers at large, are constantly occurring. It is true the Institution has been in operation the last three months of the usual academic year, ending in June last, but its work during that period was advisedly on a limited scale, and we prefer to consider this the first term and year of its existence. Still in these three months, work of the utmost good was done, and valuable results attained, which, considered all in all, show that the time was exceedingly wisely employed. Our attendance, of itself is a thing of encouragement; it shows confidence, appreciation and support; and with present actuals as well as indications, the prediction of all sound heads is obvious.

We have a nice school, and a happy one. We have pupils of all ages, and fortunately, not too much divided in attainments. Hence, classification is not the bore it would be under less favoring circumstances. The corps of instructors is by no means complete; Mr. Selney and the teacher of articulation have their hands very full, while Principal Johnson is invested with triple duties, and performs them remarkably well. But every want will be provided for at an early day. In a new and growing institution, with no previous number of pupils to calculate the future wants of the school, with that minuteness which should characterize good management, the wise course is to go right on and to fill positions as their necessity occurs. We make positions for no man, but the need once apparent, it is supplied.

The number of pupils at this writing is forty-two. The institution having the reputation for the ability to furnish true home comforts, the small boy does not hesitate to come. And once here he stays, and is as happy as the day is long, which expression, now the days are waning, the reader will please remember, goes by the rule of contrary. Of the little ones, three deserve special mention, and they shall have it. We will preserve this copy of the JOURNAL till such time as they are old enough to read understandingly, and then Mr. Rider, you will have a trio of permanent subscribers. One is a chubby little fellow six years old, his name is Adams, and he resides in Rome. When he first came he was home-sick, to be sure, but we do not believe he was aware that his home was but a few minutes' walk away. His parents wisely refrained from visiting him, and he soon showed himself to be a little man by adapting himself to every circumstance around him. He likes nothing better than to lord it in the school-room. His eyes are ever wide open and always every where. Let a pupil be minus a slate or a pencil or some necessary appendage of the school room, and little Adams will never rest content till he gets the want supplied; indeed, if it is not soon forthcoming he will get up a little insurrection on his own hook. His own slate, later in the day, is a marvel of geometrical problems; he is getting used to the pencil you see, and by and by he will write a good hand. Weighed at length with the multitude of shapes he has formed, he will look around for something to squeeze fun out of. And he invariably gets his fun. He enjoys it immensely as his happy crew, often heard all over the house, testifies. He tumbles about in his little bed and laughs and crows himself to sleep, and when he wakes up next day is ready to do the same thing over again. But he has his serious side. His little face is sometimes grave, though as to what is going on inside we hardly feel competent to hazard a guess.

Another little fellow is Walter Birdsall, of Rochester. He is just as old as Adams, and the two are very good companions. But their natures are very different. Arriving at manhood, their lives will not be parallel, though which little head will bring forth the most fruit, there is no present basis on which to form a prediction. Birdsall is the more prosaic of the two, his temperament is of the tranquil sort, and he is neither excitable nor, like his young companion, impetuous. We wonder whether he has any artistic talent in him. Any way he likes nothing better than to cover his slate with pictures of the "human form divine," in all sorts of positions, and in finish like unto the rag doll variety of childhood.

The third of the small ones that deserve mention is a little girl, May Williams, and six years old. At this age she will hardly feel flattered, if I say she is pretty. It is the truth, nevertheless. Dark eyes, light complexion and golden hair, this little miss has a will of her own, which she, on her arrival, was very much disposed to set against every one. She knows better now, but the will and consequent determination exist, and when employed in right directions, such as mastering letters and words, they result to her advantage, and she now can write her little sentence and spell it, and when she has the fancy, teach it to some of her less industrious classmates. In common with the other little ones, she feels entirely at home, and indeed the institution partakes of the nature of a home, so that the pupils feel no more than they would from the transit from one home to another. There are no large dormitories, no great chapel or dining room, no long tiresome marches and flanking at the tap of the drum. Still, the boys receive all the discipline they need; prompt obedience, respect, order, neatness, gentleness, quietness and care are ever enforced.

The small boys of the vicinity like their deaf-mute neighbors. On Saturdays they will dress up in regimentals, with drum, fife, guns, swords and commanding officer, and parade under the trees in front of the building. One evening they got a good sized squash, cut out the inside, and carved out prominent eyes, a generous nose, and a mouth with a devouring grin. Then putting a burning candle inside, they marched up to the front door, rang the bell and left it

on the piazza. They thought it would be a curiosity to the mutes and they were right. Prof. S., who was with the boys at the time, took it in, and they were all amused and interested in the curious thing, little Adams especially being wild with delight.

We have a fine croquet lawn, which affords amusement to those who understand the game. Directly in the rear of the building is a spacious lot, which the boys use for a ball field. It is level and solid, and few institutions have a better place for their pupils to play upon. Of course with the whole school out to play, the ball and bat are used carefully, but there is time and material enough for a lively game in which terrific batting is allowable, whenever desired. Our school hours are from nine to thirty minutes past twelve, and from two to forty minutes past three, with recess at eleven.

The institution was honored on Wednesday last by a visit from Mr. William P. Letchworth, Commissioner of the State Board of Charities, accompanied by his Secretary. The two gentlemen were very critical in their examination, for which every opportunity was afforded them; especially were they interested in the system of instruction, and in the practical illustrations of the combined method as shown them. The future necessities of the institution commended much of their attention, and their queries on the subject were numerous and deep. After a two hours' visit they took their departure expressing themselves as very highly gratified.

C. S. M.
Rome, N. Y., Sept. 18th, 1875.

New York Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

A stroll through the clean and well-kept promenade grounds of our beautiful Central Park is one of the pleasures to be enjoyed here on a warm summer or autumn day, when the bright sunshine invites one out of door. It was my good fortune one pleasant August morning to fall in with a party of deaf-mute friends who were just about starting for this popular and favorite resort, and gladly accepting their kind invitation to join them; we all set out together, taking lunch with us. Reaching the park about noon, we first went to the arbor, as it is well protected overhead from the hot rays of the great solar orb, and provided with seats and tables for the use of visitors who choose to lunch there. After eating our lunch and talking awhile, we went to the ramble, a broad, smooth road, lined on each side with shady trees. On this road are little pony-carriages driven by donkeys and well-trained goats, for the use of children.

We rambled along the lake, on which lay pleasure boats for the accommodation of those who wish to enjoy a sail. Having penetrated into the deepest solitudes of the park, going up and down over rough and craggy places, we came out upon a broad wide space, then we proceeded to the Croton Water Aqueduct, and went up two or three flights of narrow stone steps leading to the top, from the roof of which floated the glorious stars and stripes—the star-spangled banner. Speaking of the stars and stripes reminds me of those beautiful lines in Rev. Wm. C. Prime's "Bent-Life on the Nile."

"The stars are torches held
In the hands of the beloved dead,
Who light with soft rays of love
The pathway of the living,
Over the desert hills of life."

Tired and weary with our long day's ramble, we paid a short visit to the animals, the most attractive among which, to us, were a group of noisy, chattering monkeys. At last we set out for home, well pleased with our visit. Our friend, Mr. E. L. Graham, proved to be a very good guide as he is well acquainted with the various drives and windings. The others who made up the party, were Mrs. E. A. Graham, Mrs. S. E. Kipp, her daughter Ella and two other children.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Stratton celebrated their tin wedding on the evening of the 15th inst. About fifty persons were assembled at their residence, the majority of whom were deaf-mutes. I will here give the names of some of them: Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells, Mr. Wells' mother and sister Mary, Mr. and Mrs. J. Witschief, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel, of Carmansville, Mr. W. G. Jones, of Washington College, Mr. Hall, late of New Orleans, La., Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. F. Campbell, Messrs. Reynolds and McClellan. Remarks were made by Dr. Gallaudet, S. W. McClellan, John Witschief, Willie G. Jones, C. W. Van Tassel and F. Campbell. Refreshments were served at a late hour, and a variety of games were played, one of which was blind man's buff. This being a silent wedding, of course a fiddler was not called in, so one of the company, a fun-loving young man, played the fiddle with a broom-stick. Ice cream was also served some time after the guests had left the refreshment table. The company broke up about midnight, some remained until about two o'clock, and a few even later. Every one said they had had a very nice time. We all hope that Mr. and Mrs. Stratton may live to enjoy many more happy anniversaries of their wedding day.

During the month of August, Mr. Lewis visited Rondout, Kingston, Hudson and a few other places, collecting about thirty-four dollars for the building fund of the new Home. On his journey he met several deaf-mutes, who received him very hospitably.

Mr. Peter Witschief, late of Port Jervis, has been in this city since April last as a clerk in one of the up-town dry goods establishments of Lord & Taylor, where his brother George is also a clerk. Mr. W. may move his family back to this city before long.

Mrs. Mulligan, of Palisades, L. I., the mother of Miss Parks, has given fifty dollars to the building fund of the Na-

tional Home, and her niece, Miss Carrie H. Parks, has added ten dollars.

We hear that Mr. John Carlin has written an able article to the New York Times on the Home, soliciting the assistance of those who sympathize with the afflicted and the unfortunate. Let us hope that this may in time prove to be good seed, bearing a bountiful harvest. Mr. C. and his wife have been spending several weeks at Mr. Haight's country-seat, Goshen, N. Y. Mrs. C.'s many friends will be glad to hear that she is greatly improved in health after a year of suffering. It will be remembered that she was prostrated by the heat one hot August day last year, and her reason was almost despaired of, but thanks to judicious medical treatment, she is at last recovering from the prostration.

Mr. George H. Witschief has been on a four weeks' trip to the West. He visited Chicago, and also attended the Watertown Convention.

But few deaf-mutes of this city attended the late Convention. The following are the names of those who were there: Mr. and Mrs. J. Witschief, Misses E. D. Clapp and Ella Dillingham, of Brooklyn, Sarah C. Howard, of this city, and Carrie Durbow, of Elizabeth, N. J., Messrs. M. Heyman, Russel and Wm. Sweeney, of Melrose. Mr. Witschief told the writer that he enjoyed his trip very much, and was struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the Thousand Islands as well as that along the route to and from them.

Before closing this rather long letter, let me tell a short story about a little deaf and dumb boy, a new pupil at the New York Institution. He is about six years old and his name is Richard Tweed, (no relation to dishonest old Boss Tweed, we hope.) Well, there arrived at the same school recently, another little boy about Richard's age. Instead of being cheerful and happy like his playmate, he got homesick and cried a good deal. Generous little Tweed, taking pity on him because of his loneliness and unhappiness, offered him a few pennies, but these the new-comer steadily refused to take, so the young philanthropist pocketed his money again. I relate this for the benefit of the juvenile readers of the JOURNAL. The pupils at the institution should always be kind and affectionate to each other, and try to make their school days pass by pleasantly. They should also improve as fast as possible.

L. A. W.
New York, Sept. 18, 1875.

Your correspondent dropped in at the New York Institution the other day, and found that the changes in the interior, mention of which he made in a former letter, had been completed and everything looked nice and fine. A large number of the pupils have returned, and it is understood there are some fifty new admissions. Miss Kate Blauvelt, after an absence of about a year, to recuperate her health, has returned much to the delight of those under her charge, her friends and all concerned. During the vacation the pupils that remained took a trip to Rockaway Beach, and had a good time. It is not known when the proposed Pantomime entertainment for the benefit of the Home will occur. Mr. Jones leaves for Washington on the 28th inst., and it is quite certain that he will have nothing to do with it, even supposing it should come off.

The new public drive through the Institution grounds has been commenced, but as yet the wilderness of trees through which it will pass, has not been levelled. Once graded and fenced in it will be a popular road, and add much to the beauty of the Institution grounds. Bernard Clark, who graduated from the High Class in June last, is at present in the ice business.

One of the boys was burned by the careless handling of gun powder recently, but whatever injuries he received were slight, and he is now well.

There was a tin wedding celebration the other day, but the report has been furnished you by another correspondent.

CIVIS.
New York, Sept. 20, 1875.

Teaching the Dumb to Speak.

BY REV. JOHN WADDINGTON, D. D.

(London Cor. of the N. Y. Observer.)

LONDON, Aug. 24, 1875.

I read lately, with much interest, an account of the Clark's Institution at Northampton, Mass., and the marked success of the effort to teach the dumb to speak. It is a curious coincidence, that Northampton in England should be associated with interesting incidents in relation to the same benevolent object.

Mr. Henry Baker, a correspondent of Dr. Doddridge, says: "When I was about twenty years of age, having a relation (a girl) that was born deaf (and consequently dumb), it came into my thoughts that such a person might be instructed to write, read, and speak. I immediately made the experiment; and my scholar, in about a year, could read in any book distinctly, speak very intelligently most common words, and understand a great deal of language. This success brought people about me who were under the same misfortune, and the handsome offers that were proposed, led me, contrary to my own first intention, to give the same assistance to others; and now ones still applying from time to time, this has been my employment for twenty-five years, during which time I have brought several under that unhappy circumstance to speak the English language fluently, and converse easily from understanding what others say, by only observing their organs while speaking, and to read and comprehend all common books, and to write their mind, either by letter or otherwise, in as sensible a manner and a more correct style than people usually do."

The Rev. Thomas Arnold, the present minister of Doddridge chapel, Northampton, has given more careful and

thoughtful attention to the subject, perhaps, than any man in England. He has had special opportunities for observation and the practice of many years. His growing interest in the work has led him to read closely and to pursue investigations on the Continent, comparing the systems in use in France and Germany. Some time ago he wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Education of the Deaf and Dumb: an Exposition and a Review of the French and German systems;" published by Elliott Stock, but I apprehend he found the editors as deaf as adders to his statements and appeals. They have been so much occupied, of late, with speculations of another kind—trying to strike a match now and then to light up the thick darkness of the future—that they passed over in silence this question of practical philanthropy. Yet the discussion is conducted by Mr. Arnold with an ability that ought to command attention. He is strongly opposed to the French system—that of signs—originated by a Spanish monk called Pedro de Ponce, and adopted with improvements, by Abbe de l' Epée and Sicard. It seems we have not advanced beyond this defective and "scrap" method in England.

The German method discards signs as worse than useless. It is founded on the assumed possibility of instructing the deaf and dumb to speak, and to understand, by lip-reading, the speech of others. That the deaf can be taught to speak has been clearly demonstrated. The instrument is there, with its every cord, waiting the musician's hand to tune it and draw forth its music; but its possessor lacks the skill, and another must undertake it for him. The deaf do not hear themselves speak, as we do, and therefore know nothing of the "tones that dart an instant sunshine to the heart;" but they know what they say, for they feel themselves speak and discern the variations in the manner of another's speech. Mr. Arnold contends that, if they can be taught, they ought to be taught. As a private instructor, he has been eminently successful. In his own family he has now in training a pupil whose progress is marvellous. He is a great reader, and prefers books requiring thought and judgment. He writes a clear and beautiful hand. The problems of Euclid he understands and can demonstrate them exactly.

Mr. Arnold imagines that he might gain some attention to the subject if he were not a Dissenter. I can hardly think this can be the reason. Sir Charles Reed, the chairman of the London School Board, is a Dissenter. Dr. Andrew Reed, his father, was a practical philanthropist and founded an Asylum for Idiots.

We have in Great Britain about 20,000 afflicted with deafness, and of these, 11,000 at least receive no instruction. Surely, some little attention might be gained to the matter.

I know no reason why Mr. Arnold should not be heard, and he will one day command attention. It does not always require great genius to compel even church dignitaries to listen. In Leicester there is an English Bible woman, who speaks in public to crowds of working-men. She is a Primitive Methodist, and the other day asked a "Canon" in the neighborhood if he would allow the use of his schoolroom for an evening meeting. His reverence suggested practical difficulties, and a colloquy ensued to the following effect: "What is your religion?" "I belong to the Church of Christ." "But are you a member of the Church of England?" "What makes a member, sir? I was baptized by a clergyman, and, if the Bishop of Peterborough can confirm, I was confirmed by him." "But I hear that you preach?" "Yes, sometimes." "I should like to hear you preach a sermon." "Give me a text." "Well, take one from the first chapter of St John's Gospel." "I never have preached from that chapter, but with the help of the Spirit, I'll try." Whereupon the zealous "Primitive" discoursed for a considerable time, closing with, "Let us pray;" and, kneeling down, offered a suitable prayer, and, according to her custom, invited the "Canon" to join, saying, "Now, brother, let us have a few words." The "brother" obeyed by a little patchwork of the "Col-lects" suited to the occasion. If "brother" Arnold will persevere, he may yet make the deaf editors to hear, as in a certain way he has taught the dumb to speak.

NEW HAVEN.

On Saturday last the Millers of Mexico played a match game of base ball with the boys who were members of the "North Star" club of this place when that notorious club was in existence. The club has not organized this summer, nor played a real contesting game before this summer, as I guess the reader will think by the score, 21 to 51 in favor of the Millers. It was a very quiet, peaceful game, and after a hearty supper at May's hotel, the Millers returned home rejoicing at the success with which their efforts had been crowned.

Last evening Mr. H. A. Fuller, the blind lecturer, delivered a temperance lecture at the M. E. church in this place. The house was filled, and the audience was exceedingly well pleased with the lecture, and they give him a hearty commendation to all interested in that great and glorious cause. Revs. O. Place and C. Manson made a few concluding remarks, which caused considerable excitement, and resulted in Rev. C. Manson complying with the request to deliver a temperance lecture at the Congregational church two weeks from last evening. It is with pleasure that we note the firm opposition which intemperance is receiving, as it has become a universal curse, and I say let the zeal for the temperance cause that now burns in the bosoms of a few, kindle its hallowed fires in every family circle, until the whole world shall become one glorious temperance society.

W. W.
New Haven, Sept. 27, 1875.

News of the Week.

The National Agricultural Congress began at Cincinnati, Wednesday.

The liberals of the State held a convention at Albany, Wednesday; they adopted a platform, but made no nominations.

The Maryland republicans and the citizens' reform party have united.

The Massachusetts democrats renominated Governor Gaston, and pronounce in favor of resumption.

The commission to inquire into the affairs of Gibson, of the Osage Indian agency, report no evidence of fraud or corruption.

The steamship Tigress, which picked up the Polar crew, has been totally wrecked on Entry Island.

Application was made for a separate display of Irish and British products at the Centennial, and was refused.

The Serapis, which is to convey the Prince of Wales to Brindisi, was visited by thousands.

Four hundred lives were lost and 295 houses swept away by the Indianola inundation.

The town of Christian's Point, Tex., was swept away by the Gulf Storm.

At Fort Wayne, Indiana, a quarrel of long standing between children of Protestant and Roman Catholic schools, resulted in a ten year old Protestant boy, named Hulbert Hartman, being kicked and stoned, so that he will probably die, by pupils of a Roman Catholic school.

A largely attended meeting of the supporters of inflation in New York was held at the Cooper Union Thursday evening. Resolutions were passed opposing contraction, demanding that the volume of the currency shall be equal to the demands of trade, denouncing the National bank system, and demanding its abolition and the substitution of legal tenders in the place of the bank circulation, and advocating the payment of one-half of the custom duties in legal tenders.

Four persons perished by the burning of the Herndon House, Marshall, Mich., Friday.

The explosion of an engine on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad made Mrs. Hogan a widow, and gave her \$8,000.

The Secretary of War says the portion of Texas devastated by the gale is not within the scope of country where government aid can be rendered.

Lester Sykes was entombed in a well in West Springfield, Mass., Wed. at 3 p. m.; he lived 24 hours, but was dead when reached, Friday.

There are 54 Young Men's Christian Associations in the State, two less than last year.

Daniel Magone, Jr., has been elected chairman of the democratic State committee.

The New York Daily Witness, a religious daily newspaper, which has been sustained nearly four years at a loss of nearly one thousand dollars, was discontinued last Saturday.

The corn crop averages well throughout the country, notwithstanding the floods in the West.

At Green Island, near Troy, Thursday, Thomas and Magdalene Stark, being in destitute circumstances, took laudanum; the woman died.

The American ship Western Empire foundered off the coast of Florida, on the 18th inst., and seven were drowned.

Fifteen hundred Cossacks were banished to Turkestan for resisting the new military laws of Russia.

Floral day at the Cincinnati Exposition attracted 40,000 visitors.

Delano's resignation was accepted by the President.

The London Observer says it is believed that the British Government intends to strengthen its fleet in Chinese waters.

The State-Fair opened at Elmira, Monday, with a fine exhibition and fair attendance.

At Fall River, Mass., Monday, many of the operatives returned to work in the mills after signing an agreement offered by the managers. Others refused to go to work, and threatened those at work with violence, intimidating many. They made a demand on the mayor for assistance, which was refused. The mayor has called out the militia to preserve peace.

Thousands of drowned cattle are strewn over the plains of Texas, killed by the recent cyclone.

The banks of California and Nevada are expected to open on Monday next. About \$600,000 coin was paid into the Bank of California, Monday.

The Sandy Creek News says: It is currently reported that we have an Enoch Arden case in our midst. A "bold soldier" went to the war during the late "onpleasantness" between the North and South, leaving a wife and little girl behind. Report came that the soldier fell in battle, and after waiting several years the widow consoled her grief by marrying again. Last week what was her surprise to see the dead soldier standing alive before her. We have forgotten how the story of Enoch Arden runs in a similar case; but this second Enoch demanded only his little daughter, a girl of some twelve years of age, to soothe his grief on this occasion. We have not yet heard the result of this strange story.

The receipts of the Oswego Falls Fair, of three days, are estimated at \$4,500 against \$4,300 in four days last year.

Mr. E. Kenyon, of this town, has about 100 bushels of Early Rose potatoes for sale. They are of a superior quality—some of the best we have ever tasted.

Let everybody hand in their answers to the Great Prize Robus, at 47-2 Comb Bros.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY
WILL BE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

TERMS

One Copy one year, in advance, - \$1 50

Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1 25

One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, registered letter.

Address DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The coming man is he who owes you.

California has 140,000 marriageable girls.

It must make a prisoner raven mad to be called a jail-bird.

Germany has nearly 1,000,000 more women than men.

There are 323 American colleges, and the end is not yet.

An unprincipled bachelor says troubles never come single.

The entering class at Cornell numbers 182—the largest in a number of years.

Carlyle is opposed to suicides, holding that all should live as long as breath lasts.

Striped gloves are soon to come into fashion, but striped hosiery is not to go out.

A tunnel is to be cut under Piccadilly from Park lane to Grosvenor mansions, London.

Thus far the Australians regard the immense immigration from China with favor.

A baby without a spine has ventured into the world by way of East Haven, Connecticut.

The leather business of the United States represents a working capital of \$70,000,000.

Berlin has 140,000 workwomen, and their lot is that of workwomen all over the world.

It is reported from Boston that some children born there have such large heads that they are bow-legged at birth.

A schoolboy says that when his teacher undertakes to "abow him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

There are said to be 2,000,000 Williams in the United States, to say nothing of several hundred thousand spurious Bills.

The dog tax in Tennessee is proving a fine thing for the lean treasury of that State. In one county four hundred persons have no other taxable property.

A Philadelphia confectioner advertises "centennial kisses," but he can't sell any; no, people don't like them so old. They prefer them about sixteen-nial.

A gentleman in Nueces county, Texas, has a field of sixty thousand acres within one fence. He recently filled an order by telegraph for twenty-six thousand and beaver.

A Palmyra (N. Y.) girl put in a good ten hours work the other day. She nailed in that time 900 grape boxes, driving 10,000 nails, and handling 3,000 pieces of wood.—Ez.

Condensed beer is the latest enemy of the temperance cause. Of what power is the law when a drinker can carry in his vest a little powder equivalent to a gallon of beer?

A little boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma, and Jenny, and uncle Penny," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

"I lived with him nineteen years," says an Indiana applicant for divorce, "and all the clothes he ever bought me was a bunch of hair pins and a tooth brush." You can see by this what a hard time she had to keep well dressed.

"Missus Snowdrop," said a gentleman of color the other afternoon, during a shower, to a lady of his acquaintance, "said de webber is somewhat amphibious; will you do me de honor to step under my umbrella an' form a quorum. In dis webber an' umbrella is radder cosmopolitan."

A tramping printer on the route between New York and Newburgh, is accompanied by his wife. When asked the other day by a country editor, why he carted her around with him, remarked that she took him for better or worse, and, having a good taste of the latter, was endeavoring to find out where the better came in.

Now, young man, listen while we tell you how to pop the question. Get your Junebug well cornered, where no one can overhear you, and then whisper this conundrum in her ear: "When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" Answer—"When you and I are made one." After that it is plain sailing.

Here is a dinner a bashful young man enjoyed at a picnic a few days ago, given in the order of the courses: A pickle, a dish of ice cream, ham sandwich, rice pudding, pickled onions, sponge cake, another pickle, frosted cake, plate of beans, plum pudding, and a glass of ice water. During the night he lost his bashfulness to some extent.

A St. Louis dog goes about the streets gathering cigar stumps, and carries them home to his master. It was a poor editor who owned this specimen of canineity.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with dyspepsia, liver complaint and its effects, such as indigestion, costiveness, sick headache, sour stomach, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, depressed spirits, biliousness, &c., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a sample bottle for ten cents and try it. Regular size, 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

C S N O W

Manufacturer of

CARRIAGES, WAGONS,

Platform Spring Wagons

Repairing done on most reasonable Terms.

Manufactory Main street, opposite Foundry.

Mexico Academy.

FALL TERM

OPENS

AUG. 24, 1875.

FREE INSTRUCTION

To those who

Join Teachers' Class.

Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.

For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to

CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.

Or **LEWIS MILLER,** Mexico, June 29, 1875.

READY MADE

Clothing

AND

Men's Furnishing Goods

THE LARGEST,

BEST AND

CHEAPEST STOCK

IN OSWEGO.

John Ould

Cor. West First and Bridge Sts.

Oswego, N. Y.

But One Price.

EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

A pleasure to Show Goods whether you buy or not

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

P. F. S.

The above letters signify,

"Perfect Fitting Shirt."

The result has been attained by

John Ould,

Cor. West First & Bridge Sts. Oswego.

CHARACTERISTICS:

1. Best Material.
2. Perfect Fit.
3. Superior Manufacture.
4. Durability.
5. Latest Styles.

These results are assured

In All Cases by Personal Supervision

OF EVERY GARMENT MADE

31st

A New Idea!

WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine

FOR

50 Dollars!!

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE

BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Felling, Stitching, Cording, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS,

Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

E. M. ANDREWS,

General Agent for Oswego County,

163 Water Street OSWEGO, N. Y.

Illustrated Catalogues

FOR 1875 OF

EVERYTHING

FOR THE

GARDEN!

(Seeds! Plants!)

Implement, Fertilizers, etc.)

Numbering 176 pages and containing five beautiful colored plates, mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

Catalogue, without plates, free to all.

Peter Henderson & Co.,

35 Cortlandt St.,

NEW YORK.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by malarial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every-where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only Scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Bores, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Eruptions, Itch, Scald Head, Ringworms, Tetter, and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworms, Rheumatism, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "purity of the blood," is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S

Ague Cure,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chills, Fever, Headache, Periodic Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers, induced for the whole class of diseases originating in bilious derangement, caused by the Malaria of Malarial Countries.

We are enabled here to offer the community a remedy which, while it cures the above complaints with certainty, it still perfectly harmless in any quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts where these afflicting disorders prevail. This "Cure" expels the malarious poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but it is the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body, and in bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the malarious poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuritis, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Erysipelas, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis and Deformity of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be exerted from the system, and not accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and few ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the Pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. This purgative is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Medicine, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Loss of Sleep,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Ayer's Complaints** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Colic, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Cough and Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Excess of Bile or Diarrhoea,** but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, and Eruptions of the Skin,** they should be taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change these complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings,** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression,** a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a **Dinner Pill,** take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach. An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels internally well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE

DEPARTMENT EVERY

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail.

This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. Reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance,	-	61 50
Clubs of ten,	-	1 25
One copy, six months, in advance,	-	75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego, Co. N. Y.

VINEGAR BITTERS

DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded, possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-irritant, Sulfuric, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Incomparable that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Indigestion, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck Glands, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c. in those, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiating Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Painters, Typographers, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to pain in the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Itchiness, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, and Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, &c. Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, &c. of the skin of whatever name, remove them literally dig up and carried off from the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

For Croup, Whooping Cough, and other Worms, which in the system of so many thousands are actually destroyed and removed. No amount of medicine, no vermifuges, no antispasmodics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, in married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiating Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California,
and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

SCHITCHECK & CO.

W. FAYETTE ST.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

BOOK & JOB PRINTERS

WOOD ENGRAVERS

LITHOGRAPHERS & C.

Special attention given to **WRITING AND PRINTING** in all its branches. **ENGRAVING** on all kinds of **WOOD, METAL, &c.** **ILLUSTRATIONS** of all kinds, **BOOKS** and **MAPS** promptly, neatly and cheaply furnished. Orders will be carefully and correctly filled.